

## THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYS & WALLER.

REGON. MO

### A MILL SONG.

O merry and fast is the busy rhyme  
The mill wheel sings all day  
Yet Robin, the miller, has plenty of time  
To spare, when I pass that way.  
"O, Janet!" he cries, "I love you well,  
But keep our secret sweet;  
Yet somehow or other the lasses tell  
Whenever we chance to meet.  
O loud and clear, O loud and clear,  
The clack of the busy mill!  
There's many a gossip about I fear,  
Whose tongue can run faster still!  
The coat of my Robin is white with meal  
That floats from the grain below,  
And sometimes, it may be, his arm will steal  
Where a sweetheart's arm may go,  
And the gown I wear is blue and dark  
And bears a token plain,  
So the lasses they laugh at the dusty mark:  
"O, Janet, again, again!"  
O loud and clear, O loud and clear,  
The clack of the busy mill!  
There's many a gossip about I fear,  
Whose tongue runs faster still.

### PASSION IN TATTERS.

"She has got a face like one of her  
own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.  
"I've heard of her more than once,"  
replied Frank Calverly. "The pretty  
flower girl," the people call her, don't  
they? Old Frixham has doubled his  
cousin since she came there."  
"And the best of it all," added Fitz-  
alan, with a laugh, "is that she is  
quite unconscious of her own attrac-  
tions—a little country lassie, who thinks  
only of her own business, and never  
dreams that she herself is the sweetest  
flower of the assortment."  
"Let's go in and buy a Maroon  
Niel bud and two or three sweet  
verbenas leaves," said Calverly. "I  
should like to see this modern Flora of  
yours."  
Dorothy Penfield stood behind the  
counter of the florist's store, sorting  
over a pile of fragrant blossoms which  
lay on a tray of damp, green moss.  
Trails of smilax wove the green gar-  
lands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold  
and rose-petaled buds lay in the win-  
dows; tufts of purple heliotropes per-  
fumed the air, and white carnations lay  
like hillocks of snow against the panes  
of the show-window, while spikes of  
perfumed hyacinths and cape-jessamine  
flung their subtle scents upon the air.  
And Dolly herself with her round,  
dimpled face, pink cheeks, and soft,  
brown eyes, exactly the shade of the  
rippled hair, which was brushed simply  
back from the broad, low brow, was a  
fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up as the two gentlemen  
entered, and a soft, crimson shadow  
spread her face for a second.  
"Have you got one of my favorite  
button hole bouquets made up, Miss Pen-  
field?" Fitzalan asked, with a careless  
bow and smile.  
"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rose-  
bud and a sprig of heath, and two or  
three myrtle leaves; that is what you  
like. No; I have none made up, just at  
present; but can tie one up in about half  
a minute, Mr. Fitzalan."  
"One for me too, if you please," said  
Calverly, touching his hat.  
"Just the same?"  
Dolly lifted her long eyelashes, which  
were like fringes of brown silk, and gave  
him a shy glance.

"A little different please. Consult  
your own taste, Miss Penfield."  
"I like the double blue violets," said  
Dolly gently, "with geranium leaves."  
"Then they shall be my favorite flow-  
ers also," said Calverly, gallantly.

The gentlemen had hardly taken their  
leave, when old Frixham, the florist,  
bustled in, with round, red face, shining  
bald head, and an air of business all  
over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theatre  
bouquets ready?" said he looking criti-  
cally around, and moving a glass of  
freshly cut callas out of the level sun-  
set beams which at that moment fell,  
like a sheen of golden lace, athwart  
the deep bow window.

"I shall have them ready directly,"  
said Dolly starting from her reverie,  
"the flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on  
hand," said the florist fretfully; "and  
those gaudy cape bells are so much  
dead loss. Let the man from the  
greenhouses know please, there's a de-  
mand for half-open rosebuds and forced  
lilies-of-the-valley."

"Yes," said Dolly dreamily, "I will  
tell him—when he comes."

The closed country wagon with its  
freight of fragrant leaves and deli-  
ciously scented flowers came early in  
the morning before the florist was out  
of bed, and while the silence almost of  
an enchanted land lay upon Upper  
Broadway.

But Dolly Penfield was there freshen-  
ing up the stock of the day before with  
wet moss and cool water, and clipping  
the stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, John," she  
said briskly. "nor amaryllis flowers,  
and we want plenty of camellias and  
geraniums, and those bright flowers."

"I thought, perhaps," said honest  
John Deadwood, who measured six feet  
in his stockings, and who had the face  
of an amiable giant, "you might want  
to go back with me to-day, Dolly.  
Your aunt has come on from Kansas,  
and there is going to be a dance out  
in the barn, with plenty of candles and  
evergreen boughs. And mother said  
she would be proud to welcome you to  
the old farm house, Dolly. Your clean-  
er tree is kept carefully at the south  
window, and—"

"Dear me!" earnestly interrupted  
Dolly; "why don't they put it into the  
greenhouse?"

"Because, Dolly, said the young man,

reddening, "it reminds me of you. And  
the meadow-lark in the cage sings  
beautifully; and old red brinella has a  
spotted calf."

"Has she?" questioned Dolly indiffer-  
ently.  
John Deadwood looked hard at her.  
"Dolly," said he, "you don't care  
about the old home any longer?"

"Yes I do," said Dolly, rousing her-  
self, "but—"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color  
rushed in a carmine tide to her cheek,  
an involuntary smile dimpling the cor-  
ners of her fresh lips as she glanced  
through the smilax trails in the win-  
dow.

John Deadwood, following in the  
direction of her eyes, glanced, too, just  
in time to see a tall gentleman lift his  
hat and bow as he went jauntily by.

"Is that it?" said John, bitterly.  
"Is what?" petulantly retorted Dolly.  
"I'm sure I don't know who we are  
standing here waiting for, and I with  
twenty-eight bouquets to make up by 2  
o'clock. That's all, John, I think.  
Don't forget the lilies of the valley."

"But you haven't answered me,  
Dolly."  
"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn, and  
coming back with me when the wagon  
returns at 5 o'clock."

"It is quite out of the question," said  
Dolly, listlessly.  
"Well."

"You promised me years ago—"  
"Nonsense," said Dolly, flinging the  
azaleas and pinks around in fragrant  
confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you've no right to go back on  
your word, Dolly, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."

"But you let me believe that one day  
you would be my wife. And I've lived  
on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since.  
And if this city situation of yours should  
break up my life's hopes—"

"Don't hope anything about me,  
John!" brusquely interrupted the girl.  
"Here comes a customer. Please, John,  
don't stand there any longer looking  
like a ghost."

And honest, heart-broken John turned  
and went with heavy heart out to where  
the wagon stood, and old Roan was  
waiting with down-dropping head  
and half-closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered  
between his teeth, "that there is nothing  
left to live for any longer."

Dolly looked half remorsefully after  
him.

"I've almost a mind to call him  
back," said she to herself, as she picked  
out a bunch of white violets for the new-  
comer. "I do like John Deadwood;  
but I think I have no business to con-  
sider myself engaged to me, just be-  
cause of that boy-and-girl nonsense.  
One's ideas change as one gets on in  
life."

And Dolly's cheek was like the reflec-  
tion of the pink azaleas as she thought  
of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring  
that he had given her as a token pledge.

And Mr. Frixham came in presently,  
"I've a note from the Sedgewicks,  
on Fifth avenue," he said hurriedly.  
"They always order their flowers from  
Servoss, but Servoss, has disappointed  
them. They want the house decorated  
for a party to-night—there's not a minute  
to lose. I have telegraphed to Bol-  
ton's for one hundred yards of smilax  
and running fern, and one hundred poin-  
settias; and I think we can manage the  
rest ourselves. You had better go at  
once, Miss Penfield, and plan the decora-  
tions—you've a pretty taste of your  
own—and I'll send up the flowers with  
Hodges to help you."

And Dolly went, her mind still on the  
turquoise ring, with a band of virgin  
gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgwick mansion was a brown  
stone palace, with plate glass casement  
windows, and a vestibule paved with  
black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgwick, a stately lady in a  
Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, re-  
ceived Dolly in the great drawing  
room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-  
glasses, "you're from the florists, are  
you? Well, I know nothing about the  
things—I only want the rooms to look  
elegant. Tell your husband to spare no  
expense."

"Mr. Frixham is not my husband,"  
said Dolly.

"Your father, then?"  
"But he isn't my father," insisted  
Dolly, half laughing. "He's no relation  
at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgwick. "I  
particularly desire plenty of white  
roses, as I am told they are customary  
at this sort of affair. It's an engage-  
ment party."

"Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look  
interested.

"Between my daughter, Clara, and  
Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedg-  
wick with conscious complacency.

Dolly said nothing, but the room  
with its futed cornices and lofty ceil-  
ings seemed to swim around her like  
the waves of the sea. And as she  
went out with Mrs. Sedgwick still  
chatting about white rosebuds and be-  
gonia leaves, she passed the half open  
door of a room, all hung with blue ve-  
lvet, where a yellow-tressed beauty sat  
smiling on a low divan, with Fitzalan  
bending tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself  
with me," said Dolly to herself.  
There was a sharp ache at her heart,  
but after all it was only the sting of  
wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh,  
thank heaven, it was nothing worse than  
that.

mant beasts of prey in the spring twi-  
light, when a gray shadow glided out  
of the other shadows and stood at his  
side.

"John!" she whispered.  
"Dolly! it's never you?"

"Yes, John," said the girl gently but  
steadily. "I'm going back home with  
you."

"God bless you, Dolly," said the  
young man fervently.

"For good and all, John, if you'll take  
me," said Dolly, slowly. "I've had  
quite enough of city life; and I'll help  
you with the greenhouses, and I'll try  
and be a good little housekeeper. Shall  
I, John?"

John put his arm around her and  
hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he huskily, "it's most  
too good news to be true; but, if my  
word is worth anything, you shall never  
regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out  
of the bower of smilax and rosebuds.  
The Sedgwick mansion wasn't decorated  
at all, and Mr. Frixham had lost his  
new customer. And the turquoise ring  
came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a blank  
envelope.

### ABOUT MONEY ORDERS.

Curious Incidents Related by a Postoffice  
Veteran.

Baltimore American.

"Had you come a little earlier you  
might have witnessed an incident, or  
rather a coincidence, which could not  
but convince the most skeptical that  
we are living in a progressive age."

This remark was made to reporter of  
the American by Mr. J. C. Dougherty,  
the veteran pay clerk in the post-  
office, the other day, as the reporter  
stopped at his desk to ask if there was  
"anything new."

The reporter ventured to ask for a further explanation.  
"Well," continued Mr. Dougherty, "I  
was in the act of cashing two money  
orders, presented respectively by a Ger-  
man, who had received his from the  
eastern section of Prussia, and a son of  
Erin, who had received his from Bel-  
fast. At the same moment my atten-  
tion was called to the fact that a Chin-  
aman was at the receiving desk, im-  
mediately opposite, applying for a money  
order which he intended sending to San  
Francisco. Here was money being sent  
and received to and from extreme sec-  
tions by natives of different countries at  
one and the same moment. Now, wasn't  
that a little singular?"

The reporter admitted that it was, and then asked,  
"Do you ever have any trouble or com-  
plaints about money orders?"

"Very few; and ever these are gen-  
erally on account of the ignorance of  
disaffected parties regarding the dis-  
position of the order. As an instance,  
a German came in here one day, and,  
approaching me angrily, said that this  
was a fine way of doing business. He  
had gotten a money order some five  
days previously, made out in favor of  
his wife, who was in Philadelphia, and  
who desired to come home. This money  
was to pay her fare. She had, however,  
never received it, and was compelled  
to borrow from friends enough to come  
home with. I thought this rather strange,  
and, noting my doubting look, he  
suddenly plunged his hand into a cap-  
acious pocket, saying he could prove his  
assertion by showing his receipt, and  
lo and behold he drew out the money  
order. Of course I knew then where  
the trouble was, and when I explained  
to him that he should have sent the  
order to his wife, he seemed dazed at  
first, and then broke into a broad grin,  
and, with the remark, 'I always thought  
I was a fool, now I know it,' slowly  
walked out of the office. I could tell  
you a dozen such incidents."

"According to recent statements,"  
said the reporter, "there seems to be a  
large amount of money accumulating in  
the sub-treasury at New York."

"Before you go any further," said  
Mr. Dougherty, "I want to say there is  
some misunderstanding regarding this  
money. Many suppose that it was col-  
lected in New York alone. In this,  
however, I think they are mistaken. It  
is money collected from invalid orders  
from all over the country, and some of  
the orders date back to the time of the  
organization of the money order de-  
partment, now about seventeen years.  
You see, New York is the foreign as  
well as the domestic exchange, and all  
surplus is sent to the postmaster New  
York, who in turn deposits the money  
in the sub-treasury at that city. The  
money orders, which become invalid  
one year after date, are sent to the de-  
partment at Washington, where they  
are placed on file. In the mean time,  
should the payer present himself after  
time, we make application on his be-  
half to the department at Washington,  
which then authorizes us to make the  
payment."

"You say you send all your surplus  
funds to New York; how do you man-  
age when you run short?"

"That is something we never allow to  
occur, and, in fact, from the systematic  
manner in which everything is arrang-  
ed, such a thing cannot occur. The  
money order system is nothing more  
nor less than an immense banking con-  
cern, in which there is no capital invest-  
ed, and none necessary. I have already  
told you that New York is the exchange.  
The smaller offices send their surplus to  
the nearest main office, whence in turn  
the entire amount is remitted to New  
York. At the same time every office,  
large and small, has an account with the  
postmaster at New York, and it is cre-  
dited with a certain amount which it  
can draw when necessary. When that  
amount is exhausted a renewal of the  
account is necessary. Now our limit is  
\$10,000, and I draw for \$2,000 at a time  
as I need it. When this amount is ex-  
hausted I make application to have the

amount renewed. In the great panic of  
1873, when the banks were not consid-  
ered safe, we transmitted an immense  
sum of money. In the month of Sep-  
tember alone I paid out at this office  
\$125,000. This is what is termed a pay-  
ing office; in other words, we pay out  
about five times as much as we receive.  
During the last year we cashed 90,918  
orders, amounting to \$1,515,307.45, and  
we issued 28,245 orders for \$425,116.10.  
As the business is steadily increasing,  
these amounts will be swelled consid-  
erably by the close of the present year."

"Have you many invalid orders on  
hand at present?"

"Only a few, and these will be sent  
to Washington in a day or two. I have  
about \$1,600 worth, however, that are  
uncashed—that is to say, they have  
been lying here as much as we receive.  
Here is a lot, all belonging to one man, and  
here is another, belonging to a single  
individual. They are merchants, well  
known here, but do not seem to be in a  
hurry to get their money. One of these  
allowed a couple of orders to remain  
longer than one year, and thinking his  
money was lost, gave his orders—one  
for \$50 and another for \$5—to his wife,  
telling her, jokingly, to make use of  
them. The lady came here and asked  
whether these orders were of any ac-  
count. Upon being informed that they  
were, she thought this an excellent joke  
on her husband. I made application  
for her, and in two days she had her  
money."

### A PATHEIC STORY.

Nashy in Ireland.  
Toldeo Blade.

In our party was an American gen-  
tleman, blessed with an abundance  
of boys, but no girl, and he and his  
wife had been contemplating the adop-  
tion of a girl. Here was an opportu-  
nity to secure not only a girl, but just  
the kind of a girl that he would have  
given half his estate to be the father of.  
And so he opened negotiations.

An Irishman who knew him explained  
to the father and mother that the gen-  
tleman was a man of means, that his  
wife was an excellent good woman, and  
that the child would be adopted regu-  
larly under the laws of the State in  
which he lived, and would be educated,  
and would rank equally with his own  
children in the manner of inheritance,  
and all that. In short, she was made  
to understand that Norah would be  
reared a lady.

Then the American struck in. She,  
the mother, might select a girl to ac-  
company the child across the Atlantic,  
and the girl selected should go into his  
family as the child's nurse, and the  
child should be reared in the religion of  
his parents.

The father and mother consulted long  
and anxiously. It was a terrible strug-  
gle. On the one hand was the child's  
advantage, on the other paternal and  
maternal love.

Finally a conclusion was arrived at.  
"God help me," said the mother.  
"You shall have her. I know you will be  
good to her."

Then the arrangements were pushed  
very briskly, and with regular Ameri-  
can business-like vehemence. The girl  
selected to go as nurse was the moth-  
er's sister, a comely girl of twenty. The  
American took the child and rushed  
out to a haberdasher's and purchased  
an outfit for her. He put shoes and  
stockings on her, which was a novel  
experience, and a pretty little dress,  
and a little hat with a feather in it,  
and a little sash and all that sort of thing,  
and he procured shoes and stockings for  
the elder girl, and a tidy dress and a  
hat and shawl, and so forth. And then  
he brought them back, instructing the  
mother that he should leave with them  
for Cork the next morning at eleven,  
and that the girl and child should  
be dressed and ready to depart.

The next morning came, and the  
American went for his child. She was  
dressed, though very awkwardly. The  
mother had never had any experience  
in dressing children, and it was a won-  
der that she did not get the dress on  
wrong side up. But there she was.  
The mother waited as one who was  
parting with everything that was dear  
to her; the father lay and moaned,  
looking from Norah to the American.  
Time was up. The mother took the  
baby in her arms and gave it the final  
embrace and the long, loving kiss; the  
father took her in his arms and kissed  
her, and the other children looked on  
astounded, while the girl stood weeping.

"Good-by," said the American. "I  
will take care of the babe," and taking  
her from her mother's arms he started  
for the door. There was a shriek, the  
woman darted to him just as he was  
closing the door, and snatched the baby  
from his arms.

"Drop the child!" said the father!  
"You can't have her for all the money  
there is in America!"

"No, sir," ejaculated the mother,  
half way between fainting and hyster-  
ics. "I can't part with her!"  
And she commenced undressing the  
baby.

"Take back your beautiful clothes,  
give me back the rags that was on her,  
but you can't have the child."

And the girl, she commenced undress-  
ing too, for she did not want to obtain  
clothes under false pretenses, but the  
American stopped the disrobing.

"It's bad for the child," he said,  
"but somehow I can't blame you. You  
are welcome to the clothes, though."

And he left as fast as he could, and  
I noticed that he was busy with his hand-  
kerchief about his eyes for some min-  
utes.

A little girl read a composition before  
the minister. The subject was "cow."  
She wore in the complimentary sen-  
tence. "A cow is the most useful animal  
in the world except religion."

### MIKE'S CONFESSION.

Liverpool Mail.  
Now Mike was an 'ostler of very good part,  
Yet as a church mouse was he;  
And he came to confess to the new parish  
priest,  
Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could  
be found,  
Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told  
all?"  
Have the mouths of the horses never been greas-  
ed,  
So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to yer riv'ence," said Mike, with  
a grin,  
"Sure for that ye may have me alone;  
I've scraped a little there's never a sin left beyond—  
Me conscience is clane to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more  
sin,  
Till the day came around to tell all;  
And the very first thing he confessed, he had  
greased  
The mouth of each horse in the stall!

"How is this?" said the priest; "when here, but  
last week,  
You never had done this, you swore."  
"Faith, thanks to yer riv'ence," said Mike,  
"such a thing  
I never had heard of before!"

### "A MAN AS WAS WRONGED."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if  
we all hadn't been out of sorts with our  
luck, we should have had a word of wel-  
come for the stranger as he entered our  
camp that wretched afternoon. As it  
was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese  
Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk  
into our camp, and never a man rose up  
to salute him.

The stranger seemed to expect just  
such a reception. That is, he didn't  
seem a bit surprised. He passed down  
the single street we had named Road to  
Riches, turned to the left at the lone  
pine tree, and without once looking  
around him he staked off a claim and  
began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afraid," growled  
Judge Slasher, as he partly closed one  
eye and gave the stranger the benefit of  
the squint.

"Bin bounced out of some camp for  
stealing," added the big chap from  
Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look,"  
put in the man known as "Ohio Bill."

Every man in the camp was down on  
the fresh arrival, and that without  
cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set,  
and a stranger coming among us met  
with words of cheer, but that afternoon  
the devil was to pay. The three mules  
belonging to camp had strayed off and  
been gobbled by the Indians, and on  
the heels of this discovery came the an-  
nouncement that we had only salt  
enough to last two days, while the sugar  
was entirely gone.

So we were cross grained and all out  
of sorts, and it was lucky for the  
stranger that he gave us no excuse to  
pick a quarrel. The next day was bright  
and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge  
Slasher some of us would have gone  
over and excused our manners and  
asked the stranger to chip in and be-  
come neighborly; but the Judge said:

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell by  
the way his head is set on his body.  
First thing we know a committee will  
come along here and gobble him up for  
robbery or murder."

Two weeks had passed, and while  
some of us had given the stranger a  
curt "good morning," no one had struck  
hands with him, or entered his shanty  
to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a cli-  
max came. The six of us occupying  
one shanty were working in common,  
and our bag of dust was buried in a  
corner of the fire-place. One morning  
this bag was missing, and you can im-  
agine that there was a first class row in  
no time. There was the hole where  
some one had dug under the stones and  
carried off our treasure, and whom were  
we to suspect? We had faith in each  
other, and we could not suspect out-  
siders because none of them knew where  
our bag was concealed, and because this  
was the first case of stealing ever known  
on Betsy Jane Hill.

Yes, we were mad, and in the excite-  
ment of the first discovery we came near  
having a free fight among ourselves. It  
increased our anger to discover that we  
could not reasonably suspect any one,  
and this fact made every one of us try  
the harder to pick up a clue. At length  
Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with  
exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know  
the thief!"

"That hang-dog, sheep-stealing stran-  
ger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of  
his coming in here last night to borrow  
a hovel, and it was his digging under  
the stones which started that dream!"  
He has held aloof from us, and the  
proof enough that he came here for the  
good purpose."

It was a straw to catch at. We lost  
in a night all we had gained by months  
of hard work, and we didn't stop to  
reason. It was decided to lay the charge  
at the stranger's door, and if he could  
prove his innocence so much the better  
for him.

The news that the White House, as we  
called our shanty, had been robbed,  
spread like wild-fire, and we started for  
the stranger's claim, our crowd num-  
bered a full hundred. He was outside  
at work, and as he saw us coming he  
was startled. The angry murmurs and  
black looks must have frightened him.  
You will say that an innocent man  
would have stayed and braved the storm.  
As the crowd swooped down on this  
man he started off at a run.

"Halt! halt! or we'll shoot!"  
shouted a score of men.

"He's the thief—stop him! stop him!"  
roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost  
as one, and the fugitive tumbled forward  
on the rocks. Three bullets entered  
his back, and as the foremost men bent

over him and turned his white scared  
face to the heavens he gasped:

"You have murdered me—God for-  
give you!"

"Now to search him!" said the Judge,  
as he came up, and half a dozen hands  
made quick work of it. Resting on his  
breast, and made fast to his neck by a  
ribbon, was a package wrapped in oil-  
skin. There was a flutter of excitement  
as the Judge rudely snapped the string  
and held the package in his hand. It  
was our dust.

No! We formed in a circle around  
the Judge as he sat on a rock and  
opened the package, and in less than a  
minute there were white faces among  
us. What were the contents? A pho-  
tograph of a fair-faced, middle-aged  
woman, and on the card was written:

"Mary—Died June 19th, 1857."  
That was the dead man's wife! There  
was a second photograph—that of a  
babe about a year old, and the Judge  
read aloud in a trembling voice:

"Our Harry—Died April 4th, 1857."  
That was not all. On a card were letters  
of their hair. There was a gold ring  
once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon  
which her fingers had touched, and a  
bit of plaid like the dress the baby wore  
when photographed. Relics of what?  
Of years ago—of a fond wife and  
beautiful child—of joy and happiness—  
of a husband's love and a father's grief!

And we were looking down upon  
these things and feeling our hearts  
swelling up and our eyes growing misty  
when up comes our good-for-nothing,  
half-witted cook with the bag of dust  
in his hand! In repairing the fire-<